Hartford Weekly Herald.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 19.

DAWN.

The earth awakes with a passionate thrill
 From the icy thrall of her winter dreams.
The hawthorns bloom on the opposite hill,
 Where the shadows slant to the curving streams.

Orioles, swallows and bluebirds throng,
 Each heavenly voice that soars and sings,
With a rapturous rush of exulting song
 And a tremulous flutter of glancing wings.

So much more than we know is meant,
 So much more than we ask is given,
That our hearts are filled with a sweet content
 And our pulses stilled with the peace of heaven.

—Fanny K. Johnson in Youth's Companion.

CARRIGEEN MOSS.

The sea came leaping and plunging in great white spume flakes along the cliffs of Carrigeen, for it was springtime and the season of high tides. Far away, beyond the angry breakers and beyond the wavering, shifting bands of gray foam which took their place, one could see naught but a vast plateau of green ocean, dappled by an occasional sail or darkening over the sunken ledges into patches of leaden hue.

High upon the cliffside, where sea thistle and sand grass rustled in the Atlantic breezes, two persons—an aged man and tiny girl—sat hand in hand gazing steadfastly across the waters. Tied up in a red handkerchief at their side lay a frugal lunch of bread and buttermilk, from which fact it was easy to tell that they were either tourists or vagrants. As a matter of fact they belonged to the former class, although your fashionable sightseer might be inclined to class them scornfully with the latter.

Old Meehaul Finnerty, the sheannachie, or "wise man," of the inland parish of Ballycarney, had taken his grandchild Noreen for a long promised trip to the seashore. They had come by the mail cart from Ballycarney crossroads to the county town of Kilmore, whence the train, marvelous and wholly novel in Noreen's eyes, carried them with puff and rumble to the very borders of the ocean. And now here they were, sitting on Carrigeen cliffs above the mighty waste, peacefully chattering the one to the other, symbolical of careless age and thoughtless youth beside the waves of eternity.

Old Meehaul told his small charge a score of curious stories that afternoon—mostly stories of the coast they were, for Meehaul had lived during many of his earlier years away from Ballycarney in the Carrigeen district. Moreover, he was, in his capacity of sheannachie, the possessor of legends galore, together with the power of relating them. Presently he leaned over the sides of the beetling cliff, and plucking a bunch of dull green moss from one of the crevices held it toward the child.

"Do ye know what that is, alannah?" he asked.

Noreen shook her neatly brushed ringlets to imply the negative.

"Sure 'tis miss—Carrigeen moss—an human food at that. Did ye never hear tell of Carrigeen moss?"

Again the ringlets were shaken.

"Well, 'tis what the poor fisherfolk ate when there's a famine. When the 'praties' give out an there's naught to buy bread with they climb up the rocks an gather Carrigeen moss. Then they boil it in a big pot, an it's not so bad to ate—when ye can't get anything else."

Noreen looked at the slimy herb and wondered how it could possibly taste well under any circumstances. Others have felt similarly. Yet the poor coast people are driven in times of distress to support life on Carrigeen moss alone.

Old Meehaul settled himself comfortably once more, filled and lit his dhudeen, or short black pipe, and reflectively said, "Maybe ye never was tould the story of how Carrigeen moss was sent as food to the poor?"

The sheannachie, like some other notable poets, invariably began a narrative, by asking a question. Finding that Noreen was ignorant of the legend mentioned, he placed the tin cap of his dhudeen, took a long puff at the reeking tobacco and began:

"It was in the ould, ancient days, before any marauders at all—let alone any Englishmen—set eyes or foot on Irish soil. Feargus the Swarthy (or Feargus Dhu in Gaelic) was king of all this coast from the mouth of Feor river to the bay of Banshagh. He was a fine young king, but his nature was sad, an instead of fightin his neighbors like a king ought, he liked better to stroll along these rocks of a moonlight night an play tunes on his golden harp.

"Well, one night he was singin to the harp down on the strand below when the finest lady he ever saw came up out o' the water an smiled at him. Her face was beautiful an white, jools glittered all over her, an she walked like a queen. But Feargus took particular notice of her hair. It was long an soft an wavy, but the color of it was queer entirely, for it was green—green as the sea out beyond or the moss I have in my fist. But, sure, King Feargus liked her all the better for the queer color of her hair, bein himself a queer young man. He played sweet music to her, an she tould him how she was a sea king's daughter strayed up from the palaces under the water. To make a long story short, King Feargus an the mermaid were married, an the fine ould family of McNamara, which means children of the mermaid, descended from them. Very happily they lived too, the only trouble bein that while Feargus grew ould an gray haired the sea princess, bein a fairy, staid young forever. At last poor King Feargus died an left his beautiful queen a widow. When she saw one of her strappin big sons safely on the throne, she called all the people together an tould them that she must return to her father in the palaces under the sea. Then there rose such a wailin an lamentin among the people as would melt the heart of a stone.

"Every man, woman an child along the coast loved their sea princess, an it was bitter news to them when she said that she must go back to her own country. All the ould people knelt before her with tears in their eyes, an the priests offered up prayers that she might not be taken from them. But, sure, the princess was firm. She said: 'Men of the land, my heart beats for ye, but there is a voice within me which calls me back to the ocean. Every night I hear the summons of my father soundin through the noise of wind an waters. Believe me, I must go, but before I leave ye choose some keepsake or token which will remind ye of her that was your king's wife.' Then the people began cosherin together, but for the life of them they could not think of anything to ask of her as a token.

"At last, achorra, up spoke a neat young gossoon, an he says, 'Let us ask her for a lock of that beautiful green hair of hers.' 'Twasn't such a bad idea. So the good people asked her for the hair accordingly. An, bein a woman, though only a sea woman, the princess was mightily pleased at the complimentary way they put the request.

"She smiled sweeter nor ever before, an says she: 'It will be done as ye say. But to reward your kindness, an in order that ye may find some use in my gift, I will add something to the present.'

"Then, acushla, she took her eldest son's sharp sword an cut off a big lock of her hair. Beckonin to the people, she began to walk up to the cliffs and along the top, till she came to a quiet spot something like this.

"What d'ye think she did next? Stoopin down over the cliff, she planted the lovely green hair in a little cranny of the rock, an filled up the cranny with loose earth. Then she said something in the sea language, an waved her golden wand over the hair as it floated on the wind. The hair seemed to change the minute she did so. It shriveled up an became just the moral of this piece of Carrigeen moss in my hand. 'Now,' says the princess, 'there is a token that will last ye forever. When the cruel famine strikes ye and food runs short, this green plant will always be found growing among the rocks. Eat it, my children. It will sustain ye when all else fails.' The last words were hardly out of her pretty mouth when she took one tremendous jump an plunged from the top of the rocks into the sea. The people saw just one flash of her golden wand and one gleam of her long green hair before she vanished in a big white wave and was gone from their eyes forever.

"But, sure enough, Noreen achanie, the Carrigeen moss still remains growin in the rocks, an, as I said afore, 'tis a very good food—when ye can't get nothin else. Eyah, but my dhudeen's could, an 'tis time to open that red hankercher an see what's good inside."

Little Noreen took the bunch of Carrigeen moss and regarded it thoughtfully.

"So this was once a sea princess' hairs," she said.

"Aye, avic," answered old Meehaul. "At least that's the story."

"'Twas mighty kind of that sea princess. I wonder, gran'father, if she's livin yet?"

"Sure, she is, arooneen. Them fairies never die at all, at all."

Deftly Noreen extracted from her pocket a miniature scissors, and deftly she clipped off a tress of her own "bonnie brown hair." Then standing upon the cliff before her grandfather well knew what she did, she cast the curly lock with all her strength toward the water.

"There's a keepsake for the sea princess," she cried gleefully, "in return for her Carrigeen moss. Take it, with Noreen's love, sea princess, avourneen."

The feather light curl wavered for a second in air, only to be caught by a great blustering breeze that came ramping down the cliffs through the thistles and sand grass. Out to sea, over the breakers and seething foam, the rough wind bore its tender burden, and as Noreen's keen eyes were strained to their utmost tension she fancied she saw the tress of hair sink into the embrace of a big wave that rose to receive this dainty present to the princess.

Just then the sun came out in all his glory, and there flashed a golden, glittering radiance across the sea.

"Eyah, gran'father!" cried Noreen, her eyes dancing with excitement. "The princess is pleased. See how she smiles at me."

But old Meehaul, the sheannachie, was not unwisely eating brown bread and drinking buttermilk. — Gerald Brenan in Atlanta Constitution.

This is a good time of the year to take Simmons Liver Regulator. It is the very best medicine to take in the Spring for the blood, and to cleanse the system of all impurity. "I have used Simmons Liver Regulator as a correct or and blood purifier and think it an excellent remedy. I always keep it on hand to take in preference to any other medicine." I. M. Hysell, Middleport, Ohio.

A Jolly Old Tar.

[From Harper's Round Table.]

The Captain of a certain large sailing-vessel insists upon being addressed as "Sir" by every one on board. One day a new hand joined the ship and a short time after leaving harbor, being a well-seasoned old salt, he was intrusted with the wheel. The Captain came up and put the usual question, "How's her head?"

"Nor'-by-east," answered the old tar, very gruffly, taking the customary hitch in his trousers.

"My man," suavely answered the Captain, "on this craft, when one of the crew speaks to me, he gives me a title of respect. Don't you think you might do so, too? Now how's her head?"

"Nor'-by-east, I tell yer," shouted the tar, displaying not a little irritation.

"I'm afraid you don't quite understand me," responded the Captain, good-humoredly. "Let me relieve you at the wheel, and then do you take my place and ask me the question. I will then show you how it should be answered."

They accordingly changed places.

"'Ow's her' ead?" roared the tar.

"Nor'-by-east, sir," replied the Cap- with gentle emphasis on the "sir."

"Then keep her so, my man, whilst I goes forrard and has a smoke," was the startling rejoinder from the old reprobate, who calmly commenced to suit the action to the word, and disappeared up by the forecastle, lighting a match as he went.

If asked the question "Have you got a stomach?" it would be safe on general principles, to answer "Yes." But, if you are sure of it; that is, if you ever feel any distress after eating or any pains of whatever description in the region of the stomach, you have got something more than an ordinary stomach, in other words, you have got a diseased stomach. The stomach is a powerful muscle, and the proper remedy for a tired muscle is rest. Try the Shaker Digestive Cordial, for this product not only contains digested food, which will nourish the system without any work on the part of the diseased organ, but it aids the digestion of other foods as well. You can test its value in your case for the trifling sum of 10 cents. Sample bottles at this price are carried by all druggists.

LAXOL is the best medicine for children. Doctors recommend it in place of Castor Oil.

LA GRIPPE REMAINS

For Years in the System if Not Cured.

This country contains a large multitude of men and women who are debilitated and weak as the effect of la grippe. If every one would do as the Reverend Petty, of Virginia, did, this vast multitude of sufferers would soon be well and strong again. He writes:

Last winter I had a very bad case of la grippe which left me enfeebled and liable to cold at the slightest exposure. I tried a number of remedies, but they afforded only temporary relief. I saw an advertisement of Pe-ru-na and concluded to try it. I have been using it for two months, and it has afforded me much relief. It is indeed a panacea to me. It has invigorated me more than anything I ever tried. I have recommended it to others and advised them to send for your pamphlets. I have written of it to distant friends. You can use this statement in any way you choose. REV. H. PETTY, Baptist,
Dry Fork, Va.

For further particulars and a multitude of witnesses write to The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio, for a free copy of their illustrated treatise on la grippe. Pe-ru-na is also a sure cure for catarrh, cough, colds, bronchitis, first stage of consumption, and all climatic diseases of winter.

His Last Request Complied With.

["Chat" in Bowling Green Democrat.]

Chat brought back from Frankfort this excellent characteristic story, which has done duty before, but which is still good. It seems that in Frankfort there resided four men of different beliefs who had conceived peculiar and strong affections for each other. They were bachelors and almost brothers. They dined together daily and spent the evenings together, in friendly games of cards, or in congenial amusements. They were very chummy. One was a good Catholic, another a square Hebrew, another was a pronounced Baptist, in religion, and the fourth was an agnostic, not knowing or caring what the others believed, and not worrying himself about his own future existence. In the course of time the unbeliever fell seriously ill. The doctor said he could not recover, and his friends skirmished for spiritual advisers. A priest came to him and offered the offices of his church, a rabbi called to see if anything could be done for his future welfare, a minister appeared to talk over his plan of salvation with the dying man. The invalid was kind to them all; but assured them and his friends that he had but few more days to live, and would enjoy himself, promising to pray during the whole of the last day he had to spend on earth. Then he set about making his will. He had some means, and remembered his friends properly and liberally; but as a test of his friendship, or to gratify an eccentric notion, he provided that his three surviving friends should be the executors of his estate, without bond, and requested that each one should put $200 in his coffin to be buried with him. All agreed to serve as executors, and to abide by any conditions that might be imposed upon them in the will. After the funeral the member of the bar, charged with probating the will, assembled the three friends and executors. To the Baptist he said: "Did you put the $200 in the coffin of your friend?" "I certainly did," he said, "I think it was a waste of money, but I thought it was my duty, and I put the sum promised at the feet of my poor friend." To the Catholic, the member of the bar said, "Did you fulfill the conditions of your friend's will?" "Indeed I did" said the party addressed. "I gave my sacred promise to the dying man, and I put $200 in gold in his coffin," Turning to the Hebrew friend the member of the bar said: "Mr. Marks, did you put two hundred in the coffin of your friend?" "So help me gracious, Mr. Lawyer, I did. I put in a check for $600 and took out the change!"

Much of life's misery is due to indigestion; for who can be happy with a pain in his stomach? As a corrective and strengthener of the alimentary organs, Ayer's Pills are invaluable, their use being always attended with marked benefit.

What it Means to be President.

Ex-President Harrison's next article in his series in The Ladies' Home Journal will tell what it means to be President of the United States. He will outline the President's power, his duties and how he discharges them, the trials and annoyances to which he is put, and show what the central idea of the President is and how he tries to carry it out. Gen. Harrison also explains what relation each Cabinet officer holds to the President, and tells of his own relations with his Cabinet when he was President.

Salaries of Artists.

[The Gothamite.]

Sarah Bernhardt's salary is $1,500 a week. Yvette Guilbert receives, under her present contract, $7,000 a week, and Calve earns $1,200 for each of her appearances. Olga Nethersole earns $250 a week. What with his salary and percentage of the receipts, John Drew makes in good times $500 a week. A competent leading man or woman like Henry Miller or Herbert Keloey, Viola Allen or Isabel Irving can be had for $200 a week. The only player that has ever received, even in this prodigal country, a salary equal to that of Bernhardt was Mme. Modjeska. Edwin Booth, who knew nothing about the value of money, once engaged the Polish actress at a salary of $1,500 a week.

Mr. Grau's contract with Guilbert lasts only two weeks, after which she returns to the cheap prices of Paris. Calve's contract lasts five months, but during that time she sings only twice or three times a week, after which she returns to the moderate salaries of Europe. Melba receives $1,500 a night in this country, but in Paris she is content with $300 a performance. But Sarah Bernhardt's contract continues through summer and winter, and every Saturday night she pockets $1,500. Taking one thing with another, the actress is better off than the singer. Averaging the entire income of each performance, we should say that Calve earns $50,000 a year, Guilbert about $35,000, while Bernhards is sure of $78,000 annually for five years.

Death in a Bootleg.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

One day last summer Thomas Horton was passing through a piece of cleared land when he was bitten by a rattlesnake. The reptile was shedding its skin, and, therefore, in its most venomous condition. The serpent's fangs had penetrated the cowhide boot, and it was easily killed.

Horton took off his boots and his wife gave them to Napoleon Meeker, a negro who worked on an adjoining farm. He wore them and died. Archibald Hooker, a nephew of the dead man, wore them forty-eight hours, and he also died in great agony. The boots next passed into the possession of an old trapper. The second day he wore them he was attacked with a pain in his leg. His experience told him it was the result of rattlesnake poisoning. He applied a remedy in time and recovered.

On examining the boot leg he found a small point of a piece of bone embedded in the hide. It was a fang of the rattlesnake, placed in such a way that on dragging out the foot the fang which curved upward, would not injure it, but on putting the boot on, it would be almost impossible to escape a slight scratch from the poison-covered tooth.

"Bacteria do not occur in the blood or in the tissues of a healthy living body, either of man or the lower animals." So says the celebrated Dr. Koch. Other doctors say that the best medicine to render the blood perfectly pure and healthy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

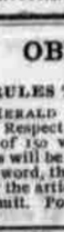
The Banner Mean Man.

Clergymen have many funny experiences in tying the nuptial knot, but Rev. W. B. Mattison, of Owosso, Mich., thinks he can tell a story it would be difficult to duplicate. Last September he was called upon to marry a couple, the groom being 70 years of age and the bride much younger. At the conclusion of the ceremony the groom handed the minister $20. Several weeks later Mr. Mattison was informed that owing to the excitement of the occasion the aged bridegroom had mistaken the $20 for $5, and demanded a rebate of $15. The reverend gentleman sent his check for the required amount to correct the error, but this was not sufficient. It seems, in the old man's third venture, three months were all that was required to exhaust the glamour of matrimony, and life with him had become once more simply a matter of business. Consequently he demanded that the minister pay him interest on the $15. The request was immediately complied with, and a second check was drawn for the sum of 15 cents, and when the voucher was returned a few days ago the minister caused it to be framed, and it now hangs in his study.

John's Demise.

[Business Journal.]

Mr. L., a good natured German, was the prosperous proprietor of a considerable clothing business in a country town. He had in his employ one John S., whom he had advanced from cash-boy to head clerk and who had for many years been an attache of the store. Since his promotion John had several times asked for a raise in his salary, and each time his request had been granted. One morning John again appeared at the old merchant's desk with another request for an increase of $10 per month. "Vy, Shon," said Mr. L., "I dink I bays you pooty vell alretty. Vat for I bays you any more?" "Well," replied John confidently, "I am your principal help here." I have worked you up a large trade. I know every detail of the business, and indeed I think you could not get along without me." "Is dot so?" exclaimed the German. "Mein Gott, Shon, vot vood I do suppose you vas to die?" "Well" hesitated John, "I suppose you would have to do without me then." The old man took several whiffs from big pipe and said nothing. At last he gravely remarked, "Vell, Shon, I guess you petter consider yourself dead."



OBITUARIES.

RULES TO BE OBSERVED.

THE HERALD will insert Obituaries, Resolutions of Respect and Obituary Poetry, to the amount of 150 words, free of charge. All over 150 words will be charged for at the rate of One Cent per word, the cash to accompany the manuscript, or the article will be cut down to the required limit. Postage stamps taken as cash.

If you find it in THE HERALD, it will be worth reading. It costs only $1.00 year.

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ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE—E. D. Guffy.
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AUDITOR—Samuel H. Stone. Assistant Auditor—Frank Johnson.
TREASURER—Geo. W. Long. Clerk—H. A. James.
STATE INSPECTOR OF PUBLIC TRUSTS—L. C. Gardner.
COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE AND STATISTICS—Lucas Moore. Clerk ———Faulkner.
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STATE PRISON OFFICIALS.

FRANKFORT PRISON. Warden—Henry George. Deputy Warden—M. A. Rooney.
EDDYVILLE BRANCH PRISON. Warden—L. C. Curry. Deputy Warden—Ward Linn.

RAILROAD COMMISSIONERS.

Jno. C. Wood, chairman; J. F. Dempsey, H. S. Irvin. Secretary—Samuel F. Brown.

COURT OF APPEALS.

Chief Justice—W. S. Pryor. Judges—Geo. Durelle, J. R. Grace, T. H. Paynter, B. L. D. Guffy, J. H. Hazelrigg, J. H. Lewis. Reporter—E. W. Hines. Clerk Court of Appeals—A. Adams. Deputy Clerks—R. L. Greene, Wood Longmoor, Jr. Sergeant—W. S. B. Hill. Tipstaff—C. C. Turner.

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATORS—Hon. William C. Lindsay, Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn.
REPRESENTATIVE FOURTH DISTRICT — Hon. John W. Lewis.

STATE LEGISLATURE.

SENATOR—Hon. A. D. James.
REPRESENTATIVE OHIO COUNTY—Hon. C. M. Barnett.

OHIO COUNTY.

CIRCUIT COURT.

HON. W. T. OWEN, Judge—Owensboro.
HON. J. EDWIN ROWE, Attorney—Owensboro.
J. W. BLACK, Jailer—Hartford.
G. B. LIKENS, Clerk—Hartford.
B. D. RINGO, Master Commissioner—Hartford.
G. B. LIKENS, Trustee Jury Fund—Hartford.
CAL P. KEOWN, Sheriff—Hartford. Deputies—Samuel Keown—Hartford—Joe Roberts, Fordsville; Thos. R. Bishop, Centertown; S. T. Stevens, Cromwell.
Court convenes first Monday in March and August and continues three weeks, and third Monday in May and November—two weeks.

COUNTY COURT.

JOHN P. MORTON, Judge—Hartford.
D. M. HOCKER, Clerk—Hartford.
E. P. NEAL, Attorney—Hartford.
Court convenes first Monday in each month.

QUARTERLY COURT.

Begins on the third Monday in January, April, July and October.

COURT OF CLAIMS.

Convenes first Monday in January and Tuesday after the fourth Monday in October.

OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.

G. S. FITZHUGH, Surveyor—Sulphur Springs.
N. C. DANIEL, Assessor—Cromwell.
Z. H. SHULTZ, School Supt.—Hartford.
L. W. Hunt, Coroner—Sulphur Springs.
C. R. CAMPBELL, Poorhouse keeper, Hartford.

POLICE COURTS.

HARTFORD.—J. F. Carson, Judge; J. P. Stevens Marshal. R. L. Kelley, Att'y. Court held every second Monday in each month.
BEAVER DAM.—D. A. Miller, Judge; Ben Rummage, Marshal. Court held first Saturday in January, April, July and October.
CROMWELL.—J. P. Cooper, Judge; Fins Burden, Marshal. Court held second Saturday in January, April, July and October.
HAMILTON.—L. Francis, Judge; D. W. Roll, Marshal. Court held third Saturday in January, April, July and October.
ROCKPORT.—W. B. James, Judge, J. J. Gilem, Marshal. Court held first Monday in January, April, July and October.
ROSINE.—J. D. Byers, Judge; H. Morris, Marshal. Court held first Saturday in each month.
CERALVO.—N. B. Fulkerson, Judge; J. W. Garrett, Marshal. Courts held fourth Saturday in January, April, July and October.

JUSTICES' COURTS.

FORDSVILLE.—J. A. Bowling—Barrett's Ferry, March 21, June 20, September 19, December 19.
BUFORD.—Ben F. Graves —March 26, June 25, September 24, December 24.
HARTFORD.—A. S. Aull—March 5, June 4, September 3, December 3.
ROSINE.—C. L. Woodward—March 13, June 12, September 11, December 11.
CROMWELL.—Jont B. Wilson—March 7, June 6, September 5, December 5.

CONSTABLES.

FORDSVILLE—J. H. Oller, Fordsville, Ky.
BUFORD—J. L. Patton, Buford, Ky.
ROSINE—Thomas Allen, Rosine, Ky.
CROMWELL—R. B. Martin, Cromwell, Ky.
HARTFORD—Hosea Shown, Hartford, Ky.

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RELIGIOUS.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Dr. J. S. Coleman, Pastor. Services second Sunday in each month, at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening.
M. E. CHURCH, South—Rev. E. E. Pate, Pastor. Services third Sunday in each month at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m., and fourth Sunday at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.
C. P. CHURCH—Rev. J. P. Hicks, pastor. Services first Sunday in each month, morning and night. Prayer meeting every Monday night.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Rockport Lodge No. 312, F. & A. M. Meets regularly on the first and third Saturday nights in each month.
Stated meeting of Hartford Lodge No. 675 F. & A. Masons, first Monday night in each month. All brethren are invited to attend regularly. J. P. Sanderfur, W. M.; G. B. Likens, Secretary.
Rough River Lodge No. 110 Knights Pythias. Meets every Saturday night at Masonic Hall, E. D. Guffy, C. C.